

# The Evening World.

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## \$2,768,600,000! WHERE IS IT?

**T**HIS NATION is doing the biggest outside business in its history.  
In the value of its total exports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, it beat the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland by \$600,000,000.  
We are, in fact, the biggest exporters in the world.  
We have sold abroad in the past twelve months goods that have brought us the enormous return of \$2,768,600,000.  
What has become of the money? What has it done for us?  
The great boom which general business in this country was told to expect has certainly not materialized. It could hardly have arrived without attracting somebody's notice. Business men are still going cheerfully about assuring each other that everything is all right. But that is to conceal their disappointment that things aren't several hundred per cent. better.  
About all the ear can catch of the predicted hum of prosperity, which by now should be deafening, is the clack of a few carriage factories and the hectic cheers of the Stock Exchange.  
What has come over the country? Has it lost its power to respond? Time was when a forecast of record crops combined with record export balances would have set wheels awhirl and quickened every sort of business into confident and sound expansion.  
Figures prove that the nation has immensely increased its trade. Why doesn't such a condition accelerate us?

Secretary Garrison has the sympathy of the nation in declining to be the Colonel's keeper.

## "COMPLETE SATISFACTION."

**T**HERE IS always danger in taking too much for granted. Nevertheless, when the German Ambassador, acting on instructions from his Government, assures Secretary Lansing that "complete satisfaction" will be given the United States for the sinking of the Arabic, the American public is ready to accept the assurance at its full value.  
Moreover, there is increasing reason to believe that Ambassador Gerard's despatches to the State Department convey the information that German submarine commanders have been instructed not to torpedo merchantmen without warning.  
Official assurance of this fact from the Imperial German Government must constitute a part of any "satisfaction" offered this country. The indispensableness of such an assurance must by this time be so obvious even to Berlin, that the German Foreign Office would hardly have directed Count von Bernstorff to say what he did unless it meant to commit itself to the long-awaited recognition of the rights of American travelers.  
Amends for the past cannot be dissociated from guarantees for the future. With this understanding, the United States is confident that it may expect from Germany this time not a discussion but a settlement.

The worst that can be said about the wrist watch must be pretty bad. Even the jewellers have disowned it.

## LESS EASILY BOSSSED.

**F**ORMER PRESIDENT TAFT is still worried about the aims and methods of organized labor, but we are glad to note he has discovered that danger lies in the leaders rather than in organization itself.  
"Like the capitalists," he declares, "they are beset with the evil of being intoxicated with power." And he warns workmen against being led by their union bosses to lobby for discriminatory and un-American legislation.  
Organized labor itself has shown signs of late that it means to be represented rather than bossed by the leaders it chooses. In several cases where strikes in industries stimulated by war demands have been loudly heralded by agitators and labor chiefs, the men themselves have either repudiated the strike or have dealt with their employers over the heads of the strike organizers.  
Labor is learning to discriminate between its friends and its exploiters. Also, it is learning that the law is not its enemy. Its judgment is still far from unerring. It has not turned from the last of its false gods. But organized labor is not awayed and fooled to-day as easily as it was a decade ago.

Summer is also out of town.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Just because a fellow puts a mortgage on his home it is no proof that he owns an automobile.—*Macron News.*  
Too often, ambition impels men to strive for the high places that are already well occupied.  
When a man has a reputation for having no faults, you know that he is an expert at concealing his shortcomings.—*Albany Journal.*  
Woman advertising for a husband

## Letters From the People

As to "Thank You."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
G. S.'s letter (referring to the use of "thank you" by a clerk for a piece of work given him to do by a superior) makes one think what a lot of trouble can be stirred up over the little phrase "thank you" and what a lot of better feeling would exist if the two words were in more common use. The department boss in question who sneers at the clerk for saying "thank you" is evidently a natural boor upon whom common politeness is wasted. He doesn't know it when he

sees it. Let's have more and more "thank you's" and we'll have in consequence better service, better humor, better business.  
B. B. R., Huntington, L. I.  
No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Did it rain here on St. Swithin's Day this year?  
J. H.  
Now Later  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to know from what readers how late a boy of fifteen should stay out at night. My parents do not allow me to go out at night at all.  
S. Richmond Hill, L. I.

# Men Who Fail

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By J. H. Cassel



"There's no chance for a fellow in this country."

## The Week's Wash

—By Martin Green—

**"W**HAT," asked the head polisher, "the prevalent opinion on the part of political leaders in putting forth their candidates for the primaries?"  
"If you really want to know," replied the laundry man, "it's the war in Europe. And now you want to know how the war in Europe can, by any chance, happen to exert pressure on an approaching election in the city of New York?"  
"Listen! The war in Europe has created a voting factor in this country which is causing the political bosses to end of concern. They would admit it, and they have been a singular dearth of comment on the matter in the press, but the German vote is keeping a lot of political gentlemen awake nights."  
"From reports which have reached them from reliable sources the bosses have reached the conclusion that the German vote has become a 'massive force.' In other words, Boss Murphy and Boss Tanner and all the sub-bosses think that the German-American vote has become a factor in the election. They are particularly in New York County. 'Electrology' the bosses have put a German-American or two on each ticket and let the German-American nature take its course. The German-American Republican and the German-American Democrat have generally voted under the party emblem they favored, but occasionally they have formed independent movements and made their influence felt. The European war, in the judgment of the bosses, wiped out, to a great extent, German-American party lines. Hence, the German vote."

### Well Trained.

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that the Russian War Minister reports the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas in excellent condition."  
"Well," replied the laundry man, "they have certainly been doing a lot of strenuous road work."

## Fables of Everyday Folks

—By Sophie Irene Loeb—

**O**NCE upon a time there was a man in a society. His great-grandfather had once done a noble deed and this man lived on that deed ever after. That is to say, it gave him entrance into the homes of people whose standard of worth was reckoned by Who's Who rather than What's What. He had little money and was not very keen on the livelihood thing, but he had to eat to live, so he worked the social game to secure his meal ticket. It was a simple way of getting his living—by the sweat of his nerve. He made himself agreeable to the feminine members of families and was thus invited to dinners almost every evening. He learned the latest dances and, being a good partner, he had invitations to dances and suppers.  
In this way he managed to live from house to house in a "gentlemanly" manner. When he was not feasting he was fasting. For when he had no invitations he found himself in the cheap restaurants side by side with the "masses" that he derided when with his fine friends.  
One day luck came his way and a feast card good for a month was in his pocket. He was invited to join a nice house party in a very happy household in the country. The wife had some girl friends and thought this man would prove a pleasing partner. The husband was a successful business man who had achieved his affluence by hard work which he never neglected. He loved his wife dearly and his ambition was for her continued happiness.  
When the meal ticket man arrived he at once made himself agreeable as usual. He knew the latest book, the latest play, the name of every French

### The Snap-Display.

"WONDER," remarked the head polisher, "if all those society ladies and dames whose pictures we see in the newspapers pose for the photographs or are snapped unaware?"  
"It makes no difference," declared

## The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

**H**ERE comes Mrs. Pettigrew! said Mrs. Jarr as she looked out of the window. "Who'd ever thought she WOULD come here, and on an evening like this?"  
"Gee whiz!" said Mr. Jarr. "Didn't you invite her? Didn't you name the day? Didn't you tell her the last evening we were at her house that you positively wouldn't come to see her again if she didn't come to tea this very evening?"  
"I didn't say it like that at all," replied Mrs. Jarr.  
"Well, here's Mrs. Pettigrew. She's coming up the steps," said Mr. Jarr. "Put on your coat, for goodness' sake!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Don't let her think you sit down to the table in your shirt sleeves! And I've only got a picked-up dinner too. I didn't think she would come. Run out to the store and get a nice salad and some fruit of some kind and a five-cent piece of ice. We'll have to put ice on the butter, and I don't think I've enough ice anyway to make iced tea—and don't forget to get a lemon."  
"Oh, I'll get the lemon all right," said Mrs. Jarr.  
"Why, what's the matter with you, Mrs. Jarr? You look so worried!" asked Mrs. Pettigrew. "Now, tell me, dear, to go right home! Weather like this, it is simply an imposition for any one to have callers!"  
"Now, if you talk like that I'll be real mad!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I've only been worried because I was afraid you'd disappoint me! Now, sit right down and we'll have a good chat. Everything is all ready. It's no trouble. I'm only waiting for Mr. Jarr to come home. You know how the men are. And he's been so pleased to think you were coming to tea to-night. He's spoken of another thing all week; and yet it would be just like the man to forget that this was the day and stay late, because there's a meeting of the Board of Directors, or something like that. I don't know what his firm would do or how it would get along without him; and so many other firms clamoring for his services too."  
Just then Mr. Jarr stuck his head in the door and said:  
"I ordered the things. They'll be sent in a minute."  
"I just passed the Rangies' flat and the windows are closed," said the guest.  
"You know they haven't gone away," said Mrs. Jarr. "But that woman, Mrs. Rangie, will sit and stifle all day in her flat with the windows closed and the blinds down to make people believe she has gone away. And—before I'd do a thing like that!"  
"Oh, I don't believe she puts on airs like that. Of course, they are very poor, but she's a good soul," said Mrs. Pettigrew.  
Mrs. Jarr shook her head and sighed.  
"If you know what I had to put up with from her!" she said, with the air of a martyr. "And it isn't her gossip alone; it's the way she bothers me! I give her, for she never pays back, either coffee or sugar or anything. But she'd have the nerve to ask you to lend her the carpet on your floor!"  
"Who would think it!" asked Mrs. Pettigrew.  
Then they had tea and toast. Mrs. Rangie was teased. And after Mrs.

# Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

## By Helen Rowland

**M**Y DAUGHTER, there is a "perovency of inanimate things" which resembles taught as much as the Perovency of Man.  
For let a woman be subtle in her choice of the psychological moment; let her be a man neither the time nor the place mattereth if the Girl and the Mood are pleasing.  
Let a doorbell that awakeneth thee at half-past six, so is a man that seeketh to kiss thee at the WRONG moment.  
He shattereth thy dream; he maketh thee exceeding TIRED; he setteth thy nerve upon edge.  
As a dumbwaiter whisteth that bloweth when thou art curling thy hair, as a telephone bell that ringeth when thou art in the bathtub, so is a man that calleth BEFORE luncheon, bringing roses and excuses.  
He giveth thee a shock; he getteth thee "going."  
As a hat that bloweth off in the middle of the street, so is a man that talketh SHOP in the moonlight, and sentiment beneath the brooding sun.  
As a chair that squeaketh, as a spigot without a washer, as a radiator that buzzeth, as a window that sticketh and will not shut when the rain poureth in, so is a man that hearkeneth not until thou hast finished speaking, but hasteneth always to tell his OWN "joke."  
He causeth thee to put thy fingers in thine ears.  
As a new frock that doth not fit, as a Paris hat that is unbecoming, as a clean left glove and a soiled right one, so is a handsome man without sentiment and a homely man without manners or a sense of humor.  
As a three-legged table in the centre of the room, as a tabourette in a dark passage, so is a man that fancieth himself "sensitive."  
Thou art continually "upsetting" him to thine own chagrin.  
As a pin in the back of the collar, as a tack in the heel of a dancing pump, so is a husband that regardeth thee through a microscope and seeketh to criticize thy "defects," saying:  
"I tell thee for thine OWN good, my dear."  
Yea, verily, verily, better the devotion of a Cyclops who admireth thee with ONE eye than the cynicism of a critic-on-the-beat, who dissecteth thee with both eyes.  
Yet more terrible than all of these, My Daughter, is a man that fretteth in a public restaurant and fusseth at waiters and ralleth at bellboys and ENJOYETH his kicking.  
For she that weddeth one of these dwelleth in a Land of Perpetual Militarism and wondereth continually in her secret heart how well she shall look in BLACK.  
Selah!

## Things You Should Know

**Why the Deaf Are Often Dumb.**  
**P**ERSONS who are born deaf or who lose their hearing very early in life are dumb. We have all learned to speak by imitating sounds heard, but the deaf child hears nothing. He cannot therefore repeat and so remains dumb. It is not due to any throat trouble whatever. The world had no conception of the number of deaf mutes until the many schools for them were opened here and there and teachers began to work for them. Then they began to appear and in the United States alone there are over fifty such schools and nearly ten thousand pupils.  
The number of deaf mutes is fortunately growing less in proportion to population, owing to the knowledge of children's diseases. Until a few hundred years ago no attempt whatever was made to teach these unfortunate children. They were shut out from the world of sound, and the teaching of the deaf and dumb, though difficult, was possible. This idea is familiar with us all now—days, and it is a common thing for people to teach themselves to read a language though they do not attempt, perhaps, to speak it. Many persons, as we know, read French but can not speak or write French, and yet the idea of Cardan's was new to the world in the sixteenth century.  
The mental condition of the deaf and dumb is so entirely unlike that of any other branch of the human family that one can scarcely comprehend it. The blind can be talked with and read to, and are thus placed in direct touch with the world about them. The deaf know almost nothing, because they can hear nothing. Neither books nor speech tell them anything because they can not read nor hear.  
The system of teaching by signs (the hand language) is not used as much as the oral method. The sign language keeps the deaf shut out from the world of normal people and shut up with each other. Signs, to the educated deaf and dumb, should be as crutches to the lame—to be used only when occasion demands them, otherwise their constant use will tend to enfeeble rather than to strengthen the mind.  
By the oral method the child is taught to speak by seeing how his teacher speaks, as expressed by the lips. Thus he learns to speak with all people—not mutes, with the deaf and dumb and books, and through them the world is thrown open to him. Many missions and churches now carry on services for the deaf and dumb, and an uncommon idea that deaf mutes are dumb on account of some vocal defect where, as they are dumb because (with extremely rare exceptions) they can hear nothing.

## The Model College President.

**T**HOUGH I started as a tutor in a very modest way, I have climbed the ladder swiftly and you see me here to-day.  
A famous college president, who's known from shore to shore, Whose praises students resident have sounded, and o'er whose name Unbounded is my learning and my dignity as well, And even in my firmness deep benignity doth dwell, I date upon my calling, and I have you all to know  
I'm a model college president as college prexies go.  
In the present broad curriculum I'm fully up to date, I know the football quite as well as of debate.  
At baseball I can umpire, or at short can play the game, At hurdles I'm higher than the most teachers of my fame.  
I'm counted rather handy on the tennis court you'll find— In short, I'm very rarely found in I date upon athletics and I'd have you all to know  
I'm a model college president as college prexies go. E. W. O.

## The Early Fall Sales

**T**HE discriminating woman is now securing some excellent bargains. She has been following the trend of fashion and knows quite well how to select, and while she will still have several weeks' wear this season out of her bargains, her garments will be right in vogue next summer.  
It is an erroneous opinion that merchants are now marking down only the garments and fabrics that are going out of style. Of course, there are many of this class among the bargains, and so it is the woman who knows who really gets the advantage of the present bargain sales.  
Every shopper knows that August marks the beginning of "sales," and many women eagerly await these annual sales. Merchants employ this means of reducing their stocks in order to make room for the incoming fall lines, and as the month advances the need for space becomes greater and the bargain sales are proportionately increased. Some of our large shops prefer to sell at a sacrifice rather than carry over a season's garment or fabrics and make an absolute clearance each season.  
Summer dresses in voile that have been \$7 are now only \$4.50. Voile is to be the leading fabric in 1916, and if the dress is made up with a full skirt it is a bargain worth picking up.  
Pettigrew had some Mrs. Jarr said: "Didn't I tell you how she'd talk about poor Mrs. Rangie. And Mrs. Rangie is worth a dozen of her!"